

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

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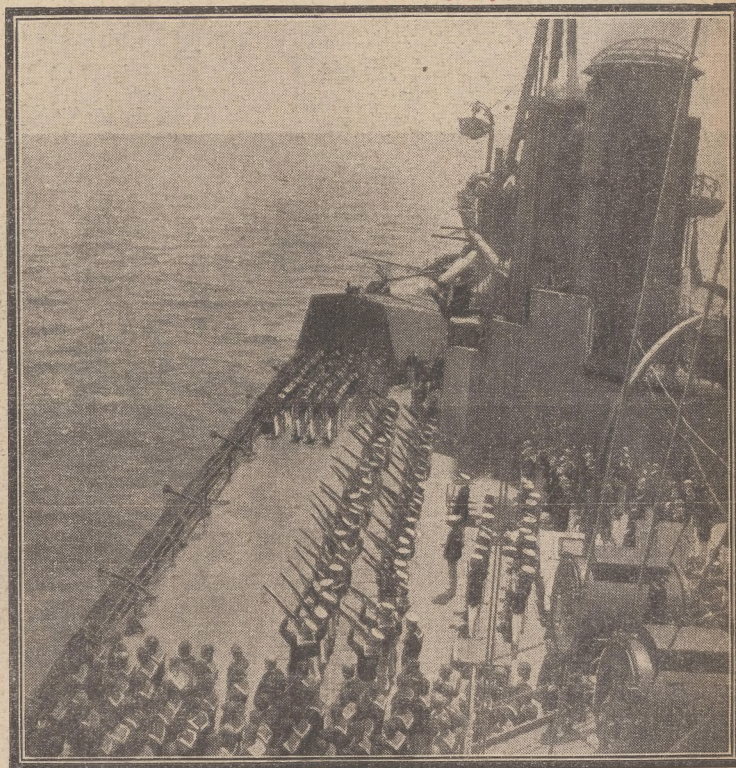
One Halfpenny.

POCKETS FULL OF DEATH FOR THE GERMANS.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT SEA FOR HEROIC BRITISH SAILORS.

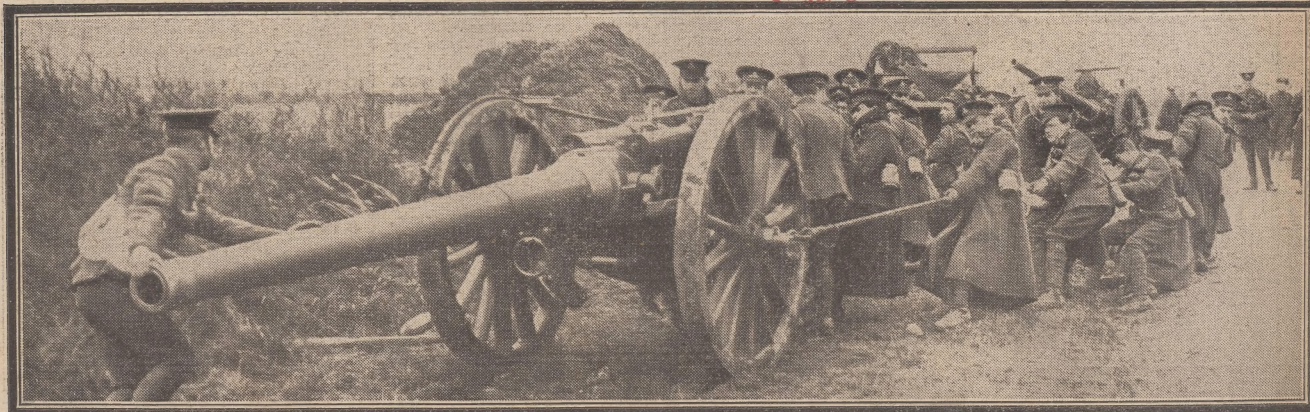


When the ammunition-wagons cannot get near enough to the guns the artillerymen unload the 18lb. shells and carry them in the manner shown. The jackets are specially made for the purpose.



British bluejackets firing a volley over the spot where the cruisers Good Hope and Monmouth went down off Coronel. The crews, who were left to drown by the German Admiral von Spee, displayed glorious heroism against overwhelming odds.

"PULL, BOYS, PULL": BRITAIN CAN MAKE BIG GUNS AS WELL AS KRUPP.



A gun like this takes some shifting, but the sturdy British soldier can do it. It is similar to the pieces now being used to such good purpose by the British on the Conti-

nent. The Germans have begun to realise that our artillerymen have some effective replies ready to the "made in Essen" arguments.

DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON-HIGH STREET LONDON W

Colossal Sale of FUR MODELS

We have purchased for cash at an
Enormous Discount
the entire
FUR STOCK of

Messrs. Felber & Co.
Wholesale Manufacturing Furriers,
38, Gt. Portland Street,
Oxford Circus, W.

These Goods will be for Sale
TO-DAY in Fur Department on
Ground Floor.



A Practical Coat in Natural Musquash, of exceedingly fine dark skins, cut fairly full in the skirt, lined soft Mescaline Satin. Reduced from 10 gns. to **5 gns.**



The Cossack Coat. Certainly one of the most chic models we have to offer is this very charming Coat, in softest and lightest Russian Pomskin, with collar, cuffs and deep border round the flared skirt of real stunk. Reduced from 15 gns. to **8 gns.**



About 150 Stoles and Muffs, as illustration, in finest and silkiest Black Wolf, Black Fox and Natural Wolf, made from a specially selected lot of extra fine large skins. The usual prices of these very handsome large Stoles were 4 gns. and 5 gns. Muffs were 3 gns. and 5 gns. All to be cleared at (each) **30/-**

10 Luxuriously Handsome Sets in rich Natural Musquash. The superbly handsome Stole is of 48 Fine Skins, and measures 80in. long and 14in. wide. Soft muff measures 22in. wide and 11in. deep. Reduced from 5 gns. 10 (each) **39/6**

A Chic Little Tie in soft Natural Brown Caracal of particularly silky softness, lined rich French brocade silk. Reduced from 21/- to **7/6**
Huge Muff to match 17in. wide 14in. deep. Reduced from 30/- to **12/6**

This Exquisite Russian Guard's Coat is in the brilliant lightweight soft Russian Pomskin. Reduced from 10 gns. to **6 gns.**

A few items we are unable to illustrate.

A truly regal Coat, 56ins. long, in Blended Marten skins of the utmost beauty. This wide voluminous garment, is one of the most handsome Coats in this collection. Reduced from 300 gns. to **90 gns.**

A Superb Model Coat, in which heavy Mole Satin forms the groundwork for a unique idea in working an over design of soft Seal Musquash. 54ins. long. Reduced from 49 gns. to **10 gns.**

A Mink Coat, 4-length. Reduced from 160 gns. to **50 gns.**

A Superb Model in Seal Musquash, 54in. long, in particularly brilliant, rich quality skins. Reduced from 39 gns. to **16 gns.**

A Magnificent Model Coat in Seal Musquash, 52in. long, on most luxurious lines, with immense collar of Two Huge Black Fox Skins. Reduced from 49 gns. to **25 gns.**

A Very Beautiful Model Coat in Beaver Nutria, 54in. long, skins of the softest, lightest and most silky texture. Reduced from 49 gns. to **25 gns.**

An Original Model, 54in. long, of great beauty in Seal Musquash, with a charmingly unique Cavalier Cape fashioned in carelessly looseness in soft Mole skin. Reduced from 59 gns. to **25 gns.**

A Long Driving Coat in Leopardskin, of brilliantly rich deep coloring. Reduced from 45 gns. to **10 gns.**

A Gorgeous Full Length Model Coat in Russian Ermine. Luxuriously wide wrap fronts with deep fringe of 180 tails. Reduced from 500 gns. to **90 gns.**

A Superbly Beautiful Coat, cut on the most graceful lines, 58in. long, in Real Ermine with enormous collar of Black Fox. Reduced from 160 gns. to **75 gns.**

A Most Exquisite Model in clearest dark Russian Squirrel with enormous collar of Black and White Fox, the extreme beauty of the work in fashioning these skins will appeal to the most pessimistic critic. Reduced from 79 gns. to **29 gns.**

A Charmingly Elegant Model in Persian Broadtail, extremely light brilliant skins 46in. long. Reduced from 120 gns. to **50 gns.**

A Luxuriously Handsome Coat in Sable Rollinsky, featuring the extreme of the present very flared coat, but though extreme it is one of the most beautiful of this season's productions. Reduced from 69 gns. to **39 gns.**

A Particularly Beautiful Garment in Mole skin of the soft dark Rich Dutch Skins, with Enormous Collar and Border round the full hem of Smoke Fox. Reduced from 59 gns. to **25 gns.**



The military note is prevailing in all the New Models. This Handsome Coat is in very fine quality Natural Musquash, and is fashioned on the lines of the French Staff Officer's Coat, with high collar, full skirt, &c. Reduced from 12 gns. to **6 gns.**

SEVEN MEN TO DOCTOR A CAMEL WHICH WAS WOUNDED IN ACTION.



With the Union Jack.

These pictures were taken in Africa, where the natives are fine fighters. The man with the flag is a member of a camel patrol, which carries a Union Jack into action.



Attending to a camel which was wounded in the foot.

The camel was wounded during an engagement, but under skilful treatment got better. Seven men were required to doctor it.

YOUTHFUL RECRUITERS.



The 9th Suffolks go on a recruiting march at Brighton headed by two small soldiers. One of them has been "promoted sergeant."

GENERAL WOUNDED.



General Maumoury, who has been wounded. He was hit while inspecting one of the French first line trenches.

A NAP IN THE TRENCHES.



French colonial troops entranced at a hand-to-hand encounter to siege warfare, and are irresistible when making a bayonet charge.

OPEN-AIR SERVICE FOR SOLDIERS AND SPECIAL CONSTABLES.



There was a very impressive scene in Chalkwell Park, Westcliff, when General White, the Chaplain-General to the Forces, officiated at a divine service which was

attended by Regulars, volunteers and special constables. The large picture shows the soldiers at worship. In the circle is the Chaplain.

WINE AND CIGARS FOR "U" VICTIMS.

Pirates Steal Clocks and Watches
Before Sinking Ship.

MESSAGE TO FIRST LORD.

The highly courteous thief who robs his victims with a "grand manner" style, apologising profusely while he picks their pockets, has apparently served as a model for the sea pirates.

The officers of the German submarine U 29, which sank the French steamer Auguste Conseil, of Bordeaux, off Start Point, are corsairs of the blandest and most polished type, judging by the story told by the French ship's crew when they landed at Falmouth yesterday.

When the sea Huns boarded the Auguste Conseil they acted in the truest nautical way by stealing everything they could find. Alarm clocks and watches belonging to the officers and crew were "bagged." Tins of preserved meat were carried away. The French flag was lowered.

Then the steamer's crew were taken on board the submarine. They had been robbed, and their ship was about to be sunk. But the "Jolly Roger" commander was not a pirate of courtesy—he expressed his deep regrets.

Never should it be said that he was not hospitable. He gave an order in German. A sailor appeared with a bottle of wine. Glasses were handed out. Then a box of cigars. Wine and "smokes" were handed round.

After that the Huns got to business. The French chief engineer was cooly ordered to open the valves of the Auguste Conseil so that the course he refused. Then the pirates carried bombs aboard and sank her.

"Give my compliments to Lord Churchill!" was the farewell remark of the commander of the submarine to the captain of the Auguste Conseil.

TORPEDO TO SINK COAL STEAMER!

A thrilling story of the steamer Hartdale's race to escape a German submarine off the Irish coast was told yesterday when survivors were landed at Bangor, Co. Down.

When the Hartdale was ordered by the submarine to stop Captain Martin refused, and by putting on full speed and steering an irregular course he tried to save his ship.

After manœuvring for some time, during which the submarine fired guns and rifles at the Hartdale without effect, a torpedo was fired from a range of fifty yards, the ship being struck amidships.

William King, of Liverpool, the chief steward, after being in the sea for half an hour, was pulled aboard the submarine, where the Germans gave him brandy. "To give them their due," he said, "they were very decent."

The captain was also saved by the submarine, and he states that the German commander was much annoyed when he found that he had wasted a torpedo in sinking a cargo of coal.

Twenty-nine out of the crew of thirty-one were saved, the Hartdale's boats being picked up by a Swedish steamer.

M.P.'S' REVOLT THREAT.

Welsh Party and the Second Reading of the Church Bill.

(By Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

A serious revolt is threatened by the Welsh Party in the House of Commons to-day.

The Government have put the second reading of the Welsh Church (Postponement) Bill as the first order, and if the Bill is proceeded with hot protests will be made by the Welsh members.

Welsh Radicals are furious because the Government, without consulting the parliamentary representatives of Wales, have, at the instance of Unionist Churchmen, put "another place" agreed to postpone the operation of the Disestablishment Act till six months after the war.

The Welshmen have sent out an urgent whip to all English Radicals, Labour members and Irish Nationalists, with the object of obtaining their support, while Lord Edmund Talbot, on behalf of the Unionists, has issued an urgent request to his supporters to attend.

The widespread dissatisfaction aroused in the Liberal Party by the "surrender" to Unionist Churchmen will be seen from the fact that no fewer than thirteen Liberals have placed amendments on the paper for the rejection of the Bill.

The Prime Minister will move that to-morrow the House shall adjourn till Wednesday, April 14, but as the Government may experience difficulty in forcing the Bill through, Lord Robert Cecil has given notice of an amendment to shorten the holiday, substituting Tuesday, March 23 for April 14.

The object of this amendment is to enable the Government to pass the Postponement Bill without undue delay in fulfilment of the undertaking given to the Unionists.

10,000 MEN SATISFIED.

The wages dispute involving 10,000 labourers at the Vickers Naval Construction Works, Barrow, was settled last night by a mass meeting of men accepting the firm's amended offer of a 4s. per week advance and 10 per cent. increase on piece rates.

These terms are to remain undisturbed for twelve months.

CIRCULATION OVER ONE MILLION.

Phenomenal Demand for No. 1 of the "Sunday Pictorial,"
Which Creates World Record—Everybody Reading It.

The Sunday Pictorial, Britain's first Sunday picture newspaper, No. 1 of which was issued yesterday, has leapt into popular favour in a single day. It has been a wonderful and unparalleled success.

A circulation of over one million copies on the first day of issue!—that is the remarkable record created by the new journal.

This figure has never before been approached by the first number of a weekly newspaper.

The largest initial circulation of any weekly newspaper in the past has been, we understand, not more than 450,000 copies.

Happy omens attended the birth of the Sunday Pictorial. The new paper first saw light on a gloriously sunny day; all over the country people were out and about enjoying the warm, summer-like weather, and—they bought a copy of the new paper as well.

BIG RUSH FOR COPIES.

One saw it everywhere. In the carriages of railway trains, on the tops of motor-omnibuses, in the parks, in hotels, restaurants and clubs people were reading and talking about the new journal.

Undoubtedly the Sunday Pictorial is exactly the kind of Sunday paper that is needed by the British public.

It was difficult to buy the paper anywhere as the newsagent was usually sold out. "Sorry, sir," was his usual reply, "but I sold the last copy over an hour ago. Never experienced such a demand."

Hundreds and thousands of people who wanted to see what the Sunday Pictorial was like were disappointed in this way. At the offices of the paper telegrams were arriving throughout the day from newsagents stating that they were sold out and asking for more supplies.

RIFLES IN BEER BARRELS

German Attempt at Gun Running to Tripoli Foiled in Venice.

The attempt by Germany to send rifles of French make concealed in beer barrels to Tripoli, discovered in Venice, says a Reuter special message from Rome, is causing German indignation in Rome.

The Germanophiles are doing their best to soften the bad impression, declaring that the rifles are intended for Arabs in Egypt and Tunis to be used in a rising against Great Britain and France.

This, however, has not succeeded in placating the resentment against what is considered as a gross affront on the part of a country which, besides professing to regard herself as allied to Italy, is at the present moment making strenuous efforts to induce Italy to maintain her neutrality—a neutrality which Germany herself is violating by attempts at contraband traffic.

Such attempts are daily discovered and can be traced to the Central Empire.

Thus on Saturday 700 sacks of sulphur were discovered in Venice, containing over 3 per cent. of copper, and therefore suitable for the manufacture of explosives.

KILLED IN GALLERY COLLAPSE.

During the progress of an entertainment given to naval men at Parkstone Quay on Saturday night a gallery on which fifty men were seated collapsed and fell upon a number of men beneath.

An able seaman named William Mitchell was killed instantaneously, and Engineer-room Artificer Richard Ensell was seriously injured and was removed to Shotley Naval Barracks. Stoker Petty Officer William Downing received minor injuries.



A lucky regiment! It has drums to march to at the front, and the men find the miles aren't half so long.

Tommy Atkins loved it. Young recruits going off to their camps or coming home on leave were asking eagerly for the new paper at railway stations and in the streets.

It was a wonderful budget of pictures that the Sunday Pictorial contained yesterday. No other weekly newspaper in the kingdom has ever provided such a remarkable pennyworth. The photographs were all new—and there were nearly a hundred of them!

Glancing through the paper was like having a pri-a-tee view of all the chief happenings in the world—there were the latest pictures from the front showing, in vivid fashion, the hardships and triumphs of our gallant soldiers in France; there were dozens of portraits of all the chief people in the news, while the latest events in the sporting and dramatic world were fully illustrated.

On the literary side, Mr. Arnold Bennett, Mr. Horatio Bottomley and Mr. Austin Harrison contributed enthralling articles, which created enormous interest, and should be read by everybody.

DELIGHTED THE CHILDREN.

Among other features of the new paper that may be mentioned are a thrilling serial story by Mr. Douglas Harland, an interesting page of gossip "for the after-dinner hour," a clever cartoon by Mr. Norman Morrow, columns and columns of sport and a page for "little people," in which over fifty prizes are offered to children in various competitions.

All the latest news is, of course, contained in the Sunday Pictorial. The war, Parliament, the courts—all sides of life are fully reported upon. One heard comments everywhere yesterday on the new paper. "This is just the kind of Sunday paper I want," one man said.

Next week the Sunday Pictorial will be even better than the first number issued yesterday. Order your copy at once, so that you may be sure of obtaining it.

'CROCUS SUNDAY' CROWDS

Thousands Visit Hampton Court to See Million Bulbs in Bloom.

Crowds of Londoners visited Hampton Court yesterday—Crocus Sunday—to see the million bulbs, most of which are now in full bloom there.

It was a beautiful springlike day, for spring seemed to have arrived a week ahead of time. It is officially due to begin on March 21.

The day was the most perfect of the present year, with plenty of sunshine. The shade temperatures were: 9 a.m., 43deg.; 2 p.m. and 6 p.m., 48deg.

Londoners were delighted. The bluest of blue skies met their gaze everywhere, and not a single cloud dimmed the wonderful golden glory that seemed to find its way into almost every nook and corner.

It was, indeed, as one man "taking the air" on Hampstead Heath put it to *The Daily Mirror*, "a doctor of a day." The glorious weather killed all depression outright and caused ill and pains to be forgotten.

Birds chirruped and chattered gleefully everywhere, and in the parks and open spaces the crocuses seemed in a hurry to open and sun themselves in the fresh green grass.

Early summer dresses and costumes seemed to be the order of the day at the Hyde Park church parade.

FOUND DEAD HALF SHAVED.

Partly shaved and with a wound in the head the body of a petty officer of the lost auxiliary cruiser Bayano was brought into Fleetwood yesterday by the steam trawler Adventure, together with the cruiser's lifeboat, in which the body in a sitting position had been found by the trawler about twelve miles off Black Head.

GAVE HER LIFE FOR STRICKEN HEROES.

Military Honours for Matron of
Soldiers' Isolation Hospital.

VICTIM OF OVERWORK.

A war heroine was laid to rest at Aldershot on Saturday with full military honours.

She was Miss Mary Macgill, the beloved matron of the Military Isolation Hospital, whose fate it was to be smitten with cerebrospinal meningitis, one of the many insidious diseases she, in her professional capacity, had been fighting in the wards.

Ever since the war broke out Miss Macgill had been working almost night and day in fighting the deadly infectious diseases which come from the battlefield.

Now she herself has been carried away, her strength, overtaxed in mitering to others, proving pathetically inadequate to resist the fell disease.

TO GRAVE ON GUN-CARRIAGE.

To the infinite grief of all who were privileged to know her, Miss Macgill died on Wednesday. She has been carried away in the full bloom of womanhood, for she was only thirty-six years of age.

Mary Macgill died a heroine's death. She was accorded a heroine's funeral, with full military honours, on Saturday.

The coffin, draped with a Union Jack, was borne on a gun-carriage to the grave and a long line of uniformed nurses walked in the procession.

It was a most impressive funeral service and many mourners were moved to tears.

WELCOMED ON CRUTCHES.

Little Cripples' Greeting to Wounded Heroes
Who Are To Go to School with Them.

Fifty enthusiastic cripple boys lined the drive and wildly waved their crutches in the air as the first batch of wounded soldiers arrived on Saturday from London Hospital at the Heritage Schools of Arts and Crafts, Chalfey (Sussex), where they will take lessons with the boys with a view to acquiring a trade that will afford them a livelihood.

The institution is known as "The Eton and Harrow of Crippledom," and the military authorities think that the congenial surroundings and society of the happy cripple children will have a beneficial effect on the men.

How to make their guests feel quite at home was the one thought of the little cripples, and the welcome brought tears to the eyes of some of the wounded heroes.

Billy Barge, the smallest cripple, who was dressed as a Highlander, took charge of one of the soldiers, whom he led to the dovecote, where a formal introduction to the feathered pets of the colony was made.

The soldiers are receiving instruction with the boys in the Langatock Craft Schools, where the furniture of solid Sussex oak is made. The presence of these men does not in the least interfere with the school life of the boys, who try to impress their wounded guests by strict attention to their studies.

WOMEN'S NAME RACE.

Interest is growing more and more keen in the "woman's name race"—a "competition," organised by Lady Bushman, in which ninety-five ladies are collecting money to provide ambulance cars for the front under various Christian names.

An ambulance car costs £400, and it is the ambition of all the Annes, Alices, Margarets, etc., in the country to be the first to raise that sum in order to provide a car. The latest position in the "name race" and the names of the various collectors are:—

- | | | |
|---------------|----------|----------------------|
| (1) Agnes | £349 9 6 | Miss Agnes Randolph |
| (2) Margaret | 340 0 0 | Mrs. M. Briscoe. |
| (3) Anne | 310 0 0 | Lady Highmore. |
| (4) Rose | 250 0 0 | Lady Bushman. |
| (5) Katherine | 186 0 0 | Miss K. R. Thompson. |
| (6) W. Alfred | Alice | 183 16 8 |
| | | Miss W. A. Higham. |

Subscriptions for any name will be received by the Headquarters Collection Committee of the British Red Cross Society, Room 59, 63, Pall Mall, and will be forwarded on to the collector.

"APPLE TIME" BABES.

Belgian babies love apples, and the happiest moment of the day for the little ones in the camp at Earl's Court is what British babies would call tea-time. Our tiny Belgian guests call it apple-time.

The Daily Mirror visited the camp at apple-time and in all rooms and out in the grounds found the Belgian babies and young children busily munching apples.

In the nursery small boys ate apples swinging on the rocking-horse, while small girls sat on dolly chairs to eat them. Naughty, mischievous babies ate apples as they threw stones in the flagplanted ponds and fountains that were at one time surrounded by a pleasure-land of fairy lights and music.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Fair generally, but misty in places; temperature differing but little from the normal.

"SUCCESS GAINED BY BRITISH PROVES ABSOLUTELY COMPLETE."

Trenches Captured, 1,720 Prisoners Taken, All Attacks Repulsed.

AIR SQUADRON'S RAID ON WESTENDE.

Twenty-one Germans Killed When Allied Airmen Bring Down a Zeppelin.

VICTORY FOR 4 AEROPLANES IN SKY BATTLE.

In three days' fighting against the British at Neuve Chapelle the Germans have lost 10,000 men.

This statement, issued last night by the War Office, is supplemented by the French official report, which describes the British success as "absolutely complete."

Violent counter attacks have been delivered by the Germans, but all were repulsed. The number of prisoners taken is now stated to be 1,720.

Germany's fleet of Zeppelins is rapidly growing smaller.

Yet another gasbag has been brought down, it was reported yesterday, and was completely wrecked.

Two British and two French aeroplanes went up and attacked the Zeppelin as it was cruising over Belgium.

The huge airship crashed to earth, with forty-one Germans on board. Nine of the crew were killed and twelve others died from their injuries.

GERMANS LOSE 10,000 IN THREE DAYS.

British Airmen Blow Up Train at Station—Foe's Very Heavy Losses.

News of British success in repelling German counter attacks was issued last night by the War Office in this statement, dated March 14:—

A heavy counter attack delivered by the enemy yesterday afternoon and several minor counter attacks earlier in the day were all repulsed.

Judging by observations on various points of the field of battle and by the statements of prisoners, of whom there are now 1,720, the enemy's losses must have been very heavy and cannot have fallen far short of 10,000 men in the three days.

A train at Don Station was blown up by our aircraft this morning.

BRITISH AIRMEN'S RAID.

PARIS, March 14.—To-night's communique says:—

A British air squadron effectively bombarded Westende.

The success gained by the British armies at Neuve Chapelle proves to have been absolutely complete.

They advanced on a front of about two miles with a depth of from 1,200 to 1,500 yards, capturing successively three lines of trenches and a fortified work to the south of Neuve Chapelle.

The counter-attacks delivered by the Germans with great violence were all repulsed.

The enemy suffered great losses, and left in the hands of our Allies a number of prisoners, considerably greater than first announced.

BIG GUNS PREPARE THE WAY.

The British heavy and field artillery very effectively prepared the way for and supported the vigorous action of the infantry.

In Champagne.—We have consolidated our new front by advances at different points, and have assured our establishment on the lines of crests captured from the enemy.

In the Argonne.—Between the Four de Paris and Bolante we have made ourselves masters of 300 yards of trenches, and have taken prisoners, including several officers.

The enemy made two counter-attacks during the day, and was completely repulsed.

On the heights of the Meuse, at Les Eparges the Germans attempted an attack, which was immediately stopped by our fire.

The same thing happened at La Chamois, north of Badonviller.—Reuter.

FIGHT FOR GRAVEYARD.

PARIS, March 14.—This afternoon's official communique says:—

The Belgian troops have continued to progress in the bend of the Vesdre.

Their artillery, supported by our heavy guns,

destroyed the point d'appui organised by the Germans in the graveyard of Dixmude.

The enemy bombarded Ypres, several of the civil population being killed.

German artillery also bombarded the cathedral of Soissons and the surrounding quarter.

To the north of Rheims, in front of the Bois de Luxembourg, the enemy attempted to carry one of our advanced trenches, but was repulsed.

100 DEAD IN A TRENCH.

Rheims was then subjected to another bombardment.

In Champagne at the end of the day of the 15th we repulsed two counter-attacks and carried, in pursuing the enemy, several of his trenches.

In one of them we found about one hundred dead and a quantity of material.

In the Argonne, at the Four de Paris, an attempt was made by the Germans to debouch against our lines, but was brought up short.

In Lorraine our patrols have occupied Embremont.

In the Vosges there has been an artillery action.—Reuter.

COAST SHELLING RESUMED.

In yesterday's German official communique, quoted by the Central News is the statement:—

"Some enemy ships unsuccessfully shelled our positions yesterday (Saturday) from the region north of La Panne and Neuport."

TRUTH FROM GERMANY!

The writing of "God Punish England!" on letters from Germany in Oliculsky says the Frankfurter Zeitung, and shows lack of common sense.

GERMANS FURIOUS AT LOSS OF ZEPPELIN.

Twenty-Nine of Airship's Crew Seriously Injured in Aeroplane Attack.

PARIS, March 14.—A dispatch from Havre says that according to reports from Belgium, a Zeppelin has been brought down by the Allies' aeroplanes.

Two of the aeroplanes were French and two British.

Forty-one Germans were on board the Zeppelin, and of these nine were found dead, while twenty-nine were so seriously wounded that twelve of them died the following day.

This achievement by the Allies' aeroplanes caused intense satisfaction in Belgium. The Germans in their fury arrested all those who were caught taking photographs of the debris of the Zeppelin.—Exchange.

A Havre message to the Central News states that the airship was brought down in the environs of Trelmont, Belgium.

THE VICTORY OF VAUQUOIS

After several days of fierce fighting the French troops have captured the plateau and half the village of Vauquois, on the eastern border of the Argonne.

This is a brilliant success for General Joffre's valiant soldiers, for the Germans had been at Vauquois since the end of September.

By this success the French, says the official statement communicated from Paris last night by Reuter, have prevented the Germans making further use of "this important position against us."

The position of Vauquois had for our adversaries the inestimable advantage of masking their operations north of Varennes and enabling them to revictual by the Four de Paris road their troops in the Argonne, and also via Cheppy the large forces which they have in the wood of Cheppy. Moreover, Vauquois is an admirable point of observation.

Our previous attacks had brought our first line of trenches half-way up the slope of Vauquois when, on February 28, the order was given to attack the village.

When our troops very soon afterwards entered Vauquois they found merely a heap of ruins, the rocky vaults of the cellars having collapsed beneath the weight of our large projectiles.

Then came a counter-attack, says the statement.

There was fire from machine-guns masked somehow behind the ruins of houses. Our soldiers, it adds, fought heroically, but had to retire.

Their enthusiasm was such, however, that of their own accord at three o'clock, after further firing by our heavy artillery, they returned to the assault, and before the French troops had the village and lost all the southern part of the village.

As the result of an enfilading fire, the statement goes on to say, the French troops lost the southern part of the village. Next day everyone, officers and soldiers, were resolved to make an end of the business. Four times we went to the attack and four times we were driven back by the slanting fire of the Germans.

We suffered serious losses, but the morale of our troops was not destroyed, and the attack was resumed at dawn in stronger force.

The village was reached and hand-to-hand fighting occurred in the streets, and after many counter attacks the French established themselves securely in the high street, which cuts Vauquois into two parts, having inflicted great losses on the enemy and made 200 prisoners.

The last attack made by the Germans was on March 5, and that was stopped.

From this moment the enemy gave up all attempts at dislodging us from Vauquois. We are there, and we shall remain there.

HUNS UNABLE TO ADVANCE AGAINST RUSSIANS.

Tsar's Troops Capture Positions and Prisoners—Heavy Austrian Losses.

PETROGRAD, March 14.—The following official communique was issued to-day by the Headquarters Staff:—

Between the Niemen and the Vistula there was fighting in the valleys of the Omuleff and Orjitz. In the direction of Prasnysz, over a front forty miles in length, the enemy's attempts to advance were repulsed.

On Saturday the Russians delivered counter-attacks and captured several villages.

In the Carpathians a snowstorm took place.

In the district of Lupkow Pass the Russians made progress, and captured over 600 prisoners, fourteen officers and six machine guns.

On the Babbe-Radest-Sindene front the Austrians are endeavouring to penetrate the Russian front, but have suffered heavy losses.

In the district of Koniwka-Rosanka the Germans are again attacking uninterruptedly, but all attacks have been repulsed with great losses to the enemy. During counter-attacks the Russians captured several hundred prisoners.

In East Galicia the Russians repulsed the enemy's attacks near the village of Nesvika, on the Dniester. During this encounter one Austrian battalion was completely dispersed.

Near Przemysl the Russians, by a sudden assault, occupied the enemy's positions at the village of Malkovitz. The Austrian battalion which occupied these positions was captured.

THE "ACCIDENTAL RETREAT."

An official statement issued in Petrograd last night makes sarcastic comment on a German communication which "calls their retreat from Prasnysz 'accidental.'"

It is interesting to remember," says the Russian communique, "that in this accidental retreat the Germans left behind several dozen of machine guns, twelve cannon, over a hundred cases of ammunition, and other booty, besides losing 10,000 prisoners."—Reuter.

SEAPLANES WRECKED.

COPENHAGEN, March 13.—It is reported from Esbjerg that the cutter Hvijseldt to-day brought in the wreckage of one or two German water-planes found in the North Sea at a considerable distance from the land.

It is rumored that the airman were rescued and taken to the German island of Sylt, west of Sleisvig.—Central News.

COPENHAGEN, March 14.—Danish fishing-boats have saved the crew of a German waterplane which was wrecked off the west coast of Jutland.

—Exchange.

RAIN OF SHELLS ON DARDANELLES FORTS.

The Queen Elizabeth Destroys Military Buildings and Shore Batteries.

TURK REGIMENTS REVOLT.

An all-night bombardment of the Dardanelles forts was reported yesterday.

The Athens correspondent of the *Matin*, says the Exchange, states that the British battleship Queen Elizabeth, stationed in the Gulf of Saros, destroyed by the indirect fire of its artillery military buildings and several shore batteries. A very violent duel continued throughout the night between the Allied cruisers and the Turkish forts.

Some Turkish troops sent from Koum Kale to oppose the disembarkment of Allied troops were violently cannonaded and dispersed by French cruisers.

TURKS KILL GERMAN OFFICERS.

ROME, March 14.—The Athens correspondent of the *Giornale d'Italia* telegraphs that the bombardment of the forts at Smyrna continues.

The Gulf of Smyrna and the harbour are now quite free of mines. The population has abandoned the town.

The operations in the Dardanelles are proceeding steadily, and yesterday and this morning thousands of shells were fired on the forts at Dardanus.

Two Turkish regiments are stated to have risen and massacred their German officers. The ringleaders of the insurrection have been shot and the others imprisoned.—Central News.

POOR TURKISH GUNNERY.

ATHENS, March 13.—Telegrams from Tenedos state that an all-night bombardment of the interior Dardanelles forts at Kilid Bahr and Taimenli has taken place. The latter fort replied with great vigour, but most of the shots went wide, and those hitting did little damage.

Kilid Bahr is the town on the Peninsula of Gallipoli around which the principal defences of the Narrows are grouped.

WILL SINK THE GOEBEN.

PARIS, March 14.—The Bukarest correspondent of the *Echo de Paris* says that the Allies should succeed in forcing the Dardanelles the Turkish Government has resolved to sink the Goeben and Breslau.—Exchange.

ENVER, THE FAITHFUL.

SOFIA, March 13.—Information received from Dedeagatch states that several Turkish families, among them Talaat Bey, Minister of the Interior, have left Constantinople for Koniah. It is also stated that Marshal von Goltz has left Constantinople.

Disagreement, it is declared, exists in the Turkish Cabinet as to whether Enver Pasha remaining favourable to Germany.

The population is becoming more and more nervous and anxious.—Reuter.

DEATH IN DARKNESS OF MINED TUNNEL.

French Sappers Beat Germans in Race to Get Explosives in Position.

PARIS, March 13.—The following official Note was issued here to-day:—

Our sappers gave a fresh proof in a recent operation of their coolness, their technical skill and their bravery.

Listeners in one of the sap traverses having realised the proximity of an enemy tunnel, a minehead was set up and a pit was dug in order to deepen the mine chamber as the German works appeared to have been carried out on a lower plane than ours.

ENEMY OVERHEARD.

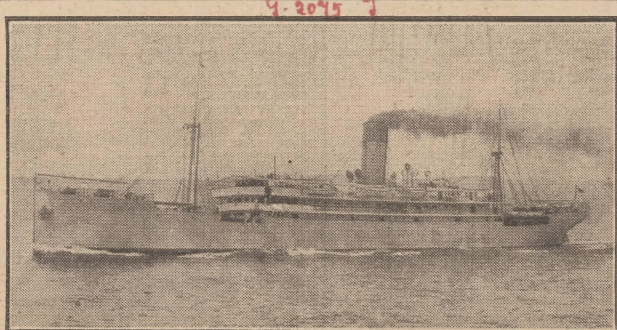
The sapper working the drill suddenly saw the point go forward into empty space, and we knew we had reached the German sap. All our lights were immediately put out and the necessary explosives for charging the minehead were brought up.

Two engineer officers and two sappers, armed with revolvers, advanced into the enemy's tunnel, and having ascertained by overhearing some whispering a short distance away that the tunnel was occupied, returned to our pit. This was closed with planks, and the charging of the mine was at once taken in hand.

The work was necessarily very hard and exhausting. In order not to attract the enemy's attention our sappers were obliged to use candles frequently went out owing to the lack of oxygen.

By some means or other the Germans got wind of what we were doing, and presently we heard them raining blows with their picks upon the door of the pit.

Our sappers, however, had rebuffed their energies, and before the Germans were able to do anything our minehead, charged with 1,400lb. of cheddite, exploded, destroying the enemy's tunnel and asphyxiating the Germans who were working there.—Reuter.



H.M. auxiliary cruiser Bayano, which was torpedoed off the coast of Scotland. Only twenty-six officers and men out of a crew of 220 were saved.

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No. 4.—Pure Silk Hose,
Lisle tops and feet, Black,
White, Mole, Grey, Tan,
Bottle Bronze, Sky Pink,
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Value. Suit well cut
and tailored in the new-
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lined Polonoise.
Made in good quality
Fawn and Drab
Coverts and in All-
Wool Navy and
Black Coating Serge.
SPECIAL PRICE—

29/11

W. 2018.—Stylish Jap
Silk Blouse, with Vest
of fine Ivory Pin Spot
Net and Military Collar,
finished with narrow
Black Moire Ribbon, in
Black, Ivory, Grey, Saxe,
Navy, also all Black.
PRICE—

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O.S. Ladies 15 1/2 in. Neck,
1/- extra.
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20 to 28.
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trimmed Valenciennes Lace and
Insertion and Swiss Embroidery
beading, with puff sleeves or with-
out.
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Muslin Blouse, embro-
dered front, fastening
with crocheted buttons.
extra. 2/114
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tume in covert coating,
coat with Raglan sleeves
and Guards 39/11
Price

Chlo Model in tereoth tazel and silk, trimmed
navy ribbon bows; also in Black and 17/11
self Navy. Price

D. Mr. 346.—Cambric
Night-dress,
trimmed Swiss Em-
broidery and In-
sertion, with
V-shaped
neck. Price
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D. Mr. 348.—Di-
rectoire Jacket-
ters, made in
Jap Silk, Black,
Cream, Sky,
Pink, Helle,
Brown, Grey
and Navy.
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premises are easily accessible from all parts of London. We are ten minutes from Marble Arch,
five minutes from Bond Street Station (Met. Rly.), and Motor Bus Services 1, 8, 16, 28, 51 and 44
either pass our door or within one minute of it.



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BLOUSE in rich
quality Tussore,
made on the very
latest lines, in all
sizes. Special Price
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A6.—The New SAILOR HAT in
good quality Glace Silk, with band
and knot of Rich Card Ribbon, in
Navy, Purple, Nigger Brown,
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A7.—AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN.
OSTRICH FEATHER RUCHE, 34in.,
in shades of Purple, Sky, Rose, Navy,
Amethyst, Natter, Brown, Saxe, Pink,
Black and White. Complete trimming
for Hat. Special Price 2/-
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for present wear in
Lynx, very latest
fashion in Pink, Saxe,
Navy, Brown and
Black with alternate
White Stripes in all
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Money refunded if
dissatisfied.



A8.—Conting
Serge COAT in
Navy and
Black. Latest
style. Serge guar-
anteed for two
years' wear.
Stocked in sizes
8, S.W., W. and
O.S. Price 21/9
Postage 4d. extra



A5.—SOMETHING
ABSOLUTELY
NEW. Ladies
Satin Cloth
UNDERSKIRT.
Has the appear-
ance of good Satin
in all colours.
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A4.—LADIES' CAMI-
SOLE, in good quality
Nainsook, V yoke
made of Swiss embro-
dery, and embroidery
insertion, threaded rib-
bon. Unequalled for
value. Worth 2/114.
Full size, 1/114 2/-
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A3.—LADIES' NIGHTDRESS,
in exceptionally good quality
Nainsook, effectively trimmed
with ground Valenciennes lace
and insertion and embroidery
insertion, threaded ribbon, V-
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VERT COAT in
Fawn and
Green. Stocked
in sizes S.W., W. and
O.S. Price 15/11
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W.B. NUFORM, STYLE 471.
Charming shape for average
figures. Correct incision at
waist. Low Bust,
White and Grey
Coutil, 20 to 30 ins.
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W.B. NUFORM, STYLE 475.
A "General Comfort" Model,
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will demonstrate the "style-
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W.B. ELASTINE-REDUSO,
STYLE 711.

Speciality for stout figures.
Will reduce hips and abdomen
one to five inches, easily
and naturally. "ELASTINE"
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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 15, 1915.

GENERAL WEATHER'S PLANS.

THE OTHER DAY a mere civilian asked an officer on leave what chiefly he held as an impression of the long weeks in the trenches, as winter very slowly softened towards spring; to which the answer came in the monosyllable: "Mud." It has been a winter of predominant mud.

In other words, General Weather, whose collaboration is often vital in European warfare, has been so far irritatingly neutral, or rather an opponent. He will not have it. He clutches at the feet of the multitudes of passing men and claws them back. He lays pits and ditches, lined, in their way. Through mud much has failed that might have succeeded, and all you can say in extenuation of the General's incompetence is that he has in effect been singularly impartial, having scattered his lime as a trap for everybody actually engaged. Our officer seemed however to think that the General had devoted special attention to him. Anyhow, his record for the winter has been a sullen resistance to advance from every side.

With this fact in memory, we have then eagerly to question General Weather's new plans for the Spring; since, without discouragement, we in England persist in hoping for change, for a new brightness, in that delusive season. Always we hope, and always our Easter holiday is horrible with winds and hail. So many of our race, however, will this year be "going abroad for Easter," on excursions not arranged by Cook, that we have to consider the Spring as Europeans, and wonder how far General Weather will mend his ways within the next eight weeks.

Our first impression was briefly "mud." Will the next be "more mud"? That on all sides would be disastrous. But, as we write, General Weather has manifested new intentions in a pale sky, new sunshine and softer air. Can he be induced to resist raining for a month or two?

We would propitiate him, in that sense, if it were possible. But let him make up his slow-moving mind that, in the last resort, his conduct will not win or lose for us. If it is to be mud, mud it shall be; and through a liquefying Europe, shadowed by rain, our brave men must renew their impression of manoeuvres, and of many a night operation over English fields and on English roads, this winter. You get used to anything in time. The nature of the young adapts itself, after some persuasion. So, while we politely ask favour of General Weather (as, politely, we speak to any neutral) we venture to inform him also that we have mobilised for mud as for all other possibilities, should he now be only deceiving us by this vision of better things in the pale sky, and the mild wind washing across it.

W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The way to Heaven is set with briars and thorns; and they who arrive at the kingdom travel over craggy rocks and comfortless deserts. —Thomas à Kempis.

THE WARRIOR'S END.

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took The spear, and drew it from his side, and said: His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood Came weltering from the open gash, and life Flow'd with the stream: all down his cold white side The crimson torrent ran, dim now, and soiled Like the soiled tissue of white violets. Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank. By rousing chills, and the cold wind's call. From the hot fields at noon: his head droop'd low, His limbs grew slack; motionless, while, he lay— White, with eyes closed only two he lay— Deep, heavy gasps, quivering through all his frame, Convuls'd him back to life, he open'd them, And he'd them feebly on his father's face, Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs Unwillingly the spirit fled away. Regarding the warm mansion which it left, And youth and bloom, and this delightful world, So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead. MATTHEW ANNOLO.

LOOKING THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

FRESH AIR AND "PURITANISM."

HOW FOOLISH to declaim against the love of fresh air as though it were a part of "Puritanism."

What I have suffered in my life from stuffiness!—from people who condemn others to live in stuffy rooms always, simply because they imagine it is good for them to breathe stale air. Fresh air, indoors or out, has hurt nobody since the world began. M. E.

Philbeach-gardens, S.W.

NEW FASHIONS IN WAR-TIME.

I HAVE READ with much interest the numerous letters on the subject of women's fashions in your interesting paper, and have heard many

women will care to spend much on dress—even those who have not to consider expense. But for many women and girls who have little money at any time for their clothing, and who have already given all they can afford so willingly to help the sick and wounded, this complete change in dress is quite a serious matter. S. B. CECIL.

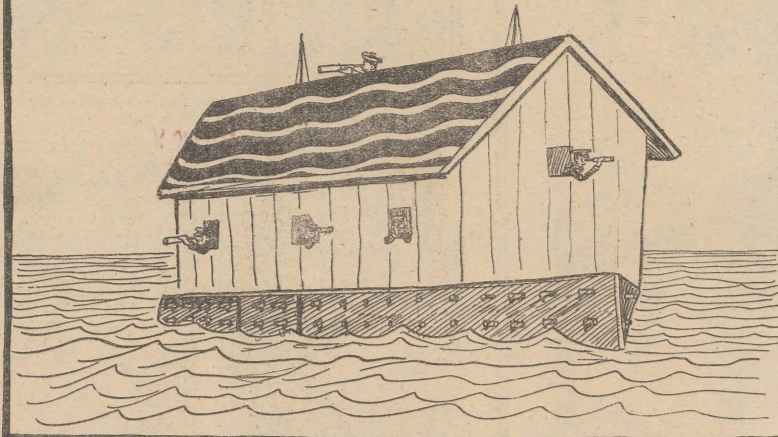
COUGHT SHE TO GIVE HIM UP?

MY SISTER is engaged to a professional violinist of some talent, and they were to have been married this Easter.

Now, however, that is out of the question, because ever since August he has been living on about £3 a week (the least amount he can possibly manage on without endangering his

BEWARE OF THE WILY GERMAN ON BOARD SHIP!

THE GERMANS SEEM TO MAKE A SPECIALITY OF DISGUISES AT SEA AND WE MUST LEARN NOT TO BE DECEIVED BY THIS SORT OF THING.



OR BY THIS



The Prince Eitel Friedrich was painted black one side, white another, and extra funnels come on or off in German warships. Thus do they show that they intend to try to take us in, on sea as well as on land. Under the peaceable exterior, however, we now know that there always lurk the gun and the mailed fist.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

and varied opinions expressed thereon. All sensible women will agree that the exit of the ungraceful, and very often vulgar, "hobble" skirt is a very good thing, but many women object to going to the other extreme. A very full skirt means a heavy weight to carry, and delicate women, or those who have to walk through life, were thankful when the narrower skirt came into fashion, as they found it a great relief.

Thousands of people will be really sorrowful over the great change in the coming fashions, and I cannot agree with your correspondent, "N. B.," that "it is a very good move in war time, because selfish women will have to spend money that otherwise they would hide away in a stocking." Never in the history of England has there been less selfishness among women or such an outpouring of wealth and labour. Rich and poor are striving alike, and no one will ever know how many beautiful and noble acts of self-denial have been practised during this sad war. Much as I rejoice at the abolition of the senseless "hobble" skirt, I must express the hope that the change in the fashions will not be too extreme, for in a time like this few

career) and giving the surplus—a goodly sum—to various charities in connection with the war. My sister, of course, has gladly sanctioned this sacrifice. But lately she has been very much distressed by the taunts of several friends who suggest that her fiancé would do better to join the Army.

Unfortunately, this seems to be the one thing he will not do. He is of a very emotional temperament and has for years lived the life of a recluse except for the occasions upon which he has been forced into society by his work, when he is always shy and nervous. Indeed, there is so much of the feminine in him that but for his undoubted musical gifts things would go very hard with him. He says he would never be the slightest use as a soldier, and has offered to release my sister because of the stigma which he feels attaches to their relationship under present conditions.

I consider she should accept her freedom, but she refuses. Surely I am right to advise her so? It is a problem that must have occurred to many other people in this time of a nation's great struggle for existence. F. M. Fulham Palace-road, S.W.

WIFE AND MOTHER.

A Man's Duty to Both in a Time of National Need.

THE BOY AS BACHELOR.

I AM sure no mother worthy of her name would wish her boy to degenerate into an old bachelor for her sake.

It is certainly sad for parents to see their children leaving, but life has unavoidable sadneses which it is right and noble to face. Death itself involves sorrow and parting and nobody has as yet invented an elixir of immortal life. It is the same with the inevitability of this parting between children and parents when the time comes for the young man or the young girl to leave home and found a new family for the future. There are some parents selfish enough to grumble over this. They want maids and manservants to administer to their wants rather than children to be their companions. I. W. Richmond.

SELFISH LOVE?

IN answer to my many critics, I am quite aware of the difference between the real love for one's parents and the so-called love for a lover, husband, or wife. The former is noble and elevating, being true love in every sense of the word, but the latter—the spurious love that leads to marriage—is too often but a tawdry imitation and, when the girl has worn off, stands revealed as a compound of folly, passion and infatuation. UNMARRIED.

THE MOTHER IN NEED. ISN'T it a little morbid to worry about mothers and wives just now? One has to think of one's country. She is for the moment the mother that needs our help.

Personally I was not opposed by any of my family when I decided to join in this scrimmage. And I don't know any of my pals whose mothers elang round their necks. C. R. Caterham.

NATURE'S LAW.

A GREAT deal of unhappiness could be avoided if a mother would realise that when her son marries it is the beginning of a new generation which has only just entered into its day, and that her own generation must be inevitably left behind. This is a law of nature, and no one can alter it. If mothers would only have a little more common sense and accept this fact the lives of both parties would be very, very much happier. There would be no need for any unkindness on either side; difficulties would be smoothed over. There is no question of forsaking one's mother; that is ridiculous, but for an older generation to retard the progress of a younger one is equally ridiculous and utterly wrong. It is the height of selfishness, too. It is often said that no one is so selfish as the young; but, in my opinion, the elders are a hundred times more selfish. Why cannot they be content with people of their own age and let the younger lives alone? The world would stand still if they had their way.

As I said before, there is no need for any unkindness. Only let both sides accept the situation tacitly and live their own lives.

COMMON SENSE.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 14.—During August and September no bulbs are more decorative in the garden than the handsome gladioli. The corns may be planted now in light sandy soil and in a sunny position. If set out at intervals until the middle of May, flowers will be produced until the end of September.

Bronchylevis is the large-flowered vermilion scarlet gladiolus—a fine species for growing in masses or for planting with the graceful Cape hyacinths. Gandavensis may be obtained in a great many lovely colors, and there are also several hybrid gladioli that are all beautiful and interesting. E. F. T.

WOUNDED HEROES "GO TO SCHOOL" WITH CRIPPLES.



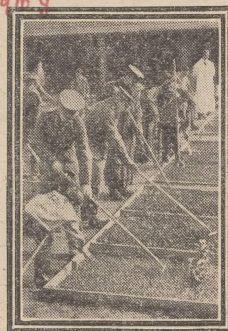
Cripple boys "take on" a soldier at marbles.



The wounded men arrive. The cripples lined the drive and waved their crutches wildly in the air.



In the carpenter's shop.



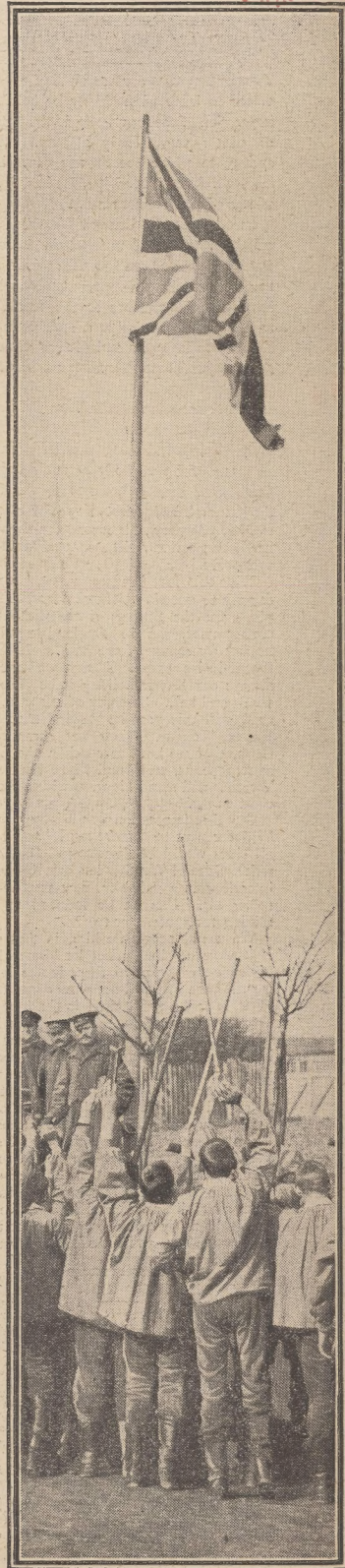
Working in the garden.

A number of wounded soldiers have arrived at the Heritage School of Arts and Crafts at Chailey (Sussex), where they are being taught a trade that will provide them with a livelihood when the war is over. They were enthusiastically welcomed by their fellow-pupils, who are cripples, the youngsters being delighted at having these heroes as their guests.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

SCOTTISH KAFFIRS: FUN BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.



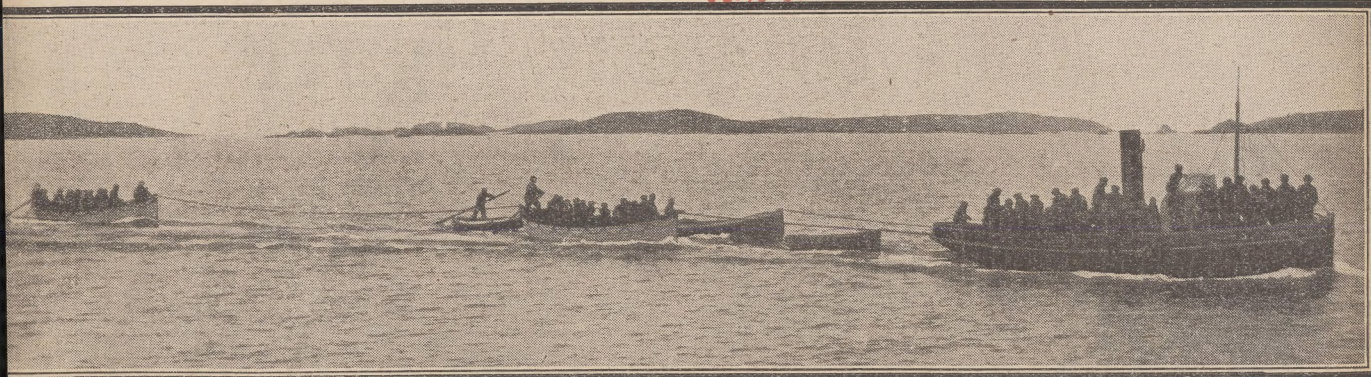
The Germans have complained that the British are sending "savages" to fight them, so had these men been seen Berlin would probably have been told that cannibals had joined our forces. But they are only men of the London Scottish dressed up as kaffirs. Within five minutes of the picture being taken the regiment was ordered forward.



A patriotic demonstration is held at the flag-staff, and the soldiers are again loudly cheered by their youthful admirers.

RESCUING MEN THE PIRATES TRIED TO MURDER.

42075 G.

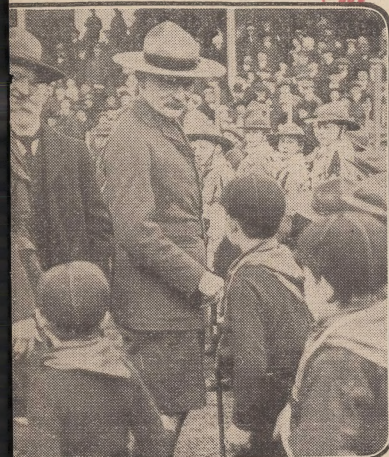


Lifeboat returning to St. Mary's with members of the crews of the steamers Indian City and Headlands, which were torpedoed off the Scillys. These two vessels must be added to

the pirates' haul, which, however, has been insignificant since the opening of Von Tirpitz's murder campaign on February 18. Sailings are taking place as usual.

SCOUTS' DEFENCE LEAGUE.

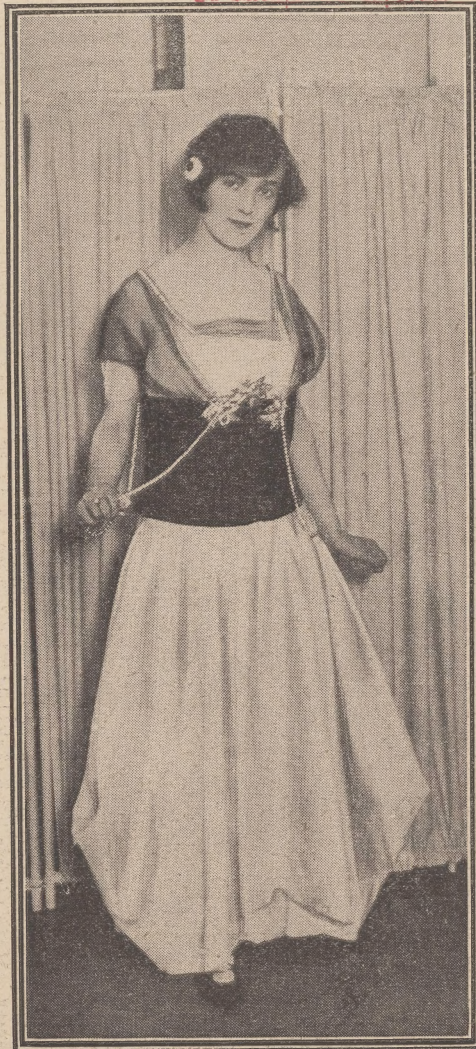
P.322



Robert Baden-Powell inspecting the boy scouts who have been accepted as members of the Scouts' Defence League at Leicester. Each boy accepted received a "red feather" from the Chief Scout.

THE PEG-TOP EFFECT IN DRESS.

In envelope in Capstead



Evening gown of white taffeta with deep black waistband above very full skirt. The sleeves are draped with black nylon. The skirt, falling in loose folds, with a peg-top effect near the hem, makes the gown, which is by Idare et Cie, look quaint.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

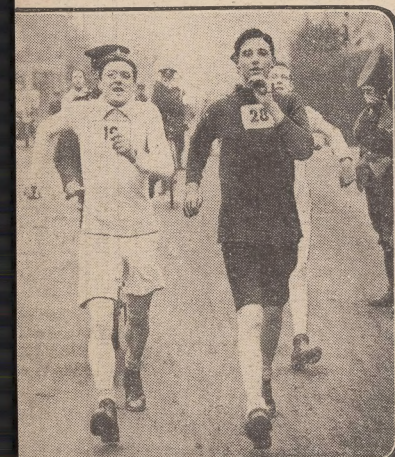
AUSTRIAN SNOW PLOUGH.

G. 11915



The snowdrifts have greatly hampered the Austrians, and here a motor-transport wagon is seen being used as a plough. A number of these vehicles have been specially fitted up for the purpose.

SOLDIERS' MARATHON.



Heering Gunners E. A. Bartlett and C. W. Paice (dark jersey), who took part in the walking Marathon from Windsor to Fulham. It was organised by the 1st County of London Brigade (Royal Field Artillery).

GIFT FROM HER ALLY.

P.3569



M. Millerand, France's War Minister, inspects motor-ambulances, Russia's gift to France. With him is Princess Narischine, who travelled from Petrograd with the vehicles and made the presentation.

CB

CB

Be just to your figure

WHERE, in these enlightened days, is the woman who does not know that to look well she must feel well, that health and beauty must go hand in hand?

That is why thousands of attractive women, easy and graceful of movement, admired and envied wherever they go, will wear no Corset but the well-known "Cygnia" or "C.B." Eesi-Flex Model.

That is why YOU, if you would enjoy the consciousness that your figure lines are perfect, that your gown or costume possesses the untold advantage of a correct foundation and that every part of your anatomy receives the requisite support, should insist on the latest hygienic models of the "Cygnia" or "C.B." Eesi-Flex.



"CYGNIA."

Model 1074.—A smart stylish model for all average figures, low bust, deep free hips, and with the new "nip" at waist line. In fine White or French Grey Coutil, bound satin, and fitted four reliable suspenders.

Price 5/11 per pair.



"CYGNIA."

Model 1084.—Possesses every new feature; low bust, deep soft skirt and latest waist line. In fine White Spot Silk Brocade, elastic gussets on hips, daintily trimmed satin and embroidery, fitted reliable hose supporters.

Price 13/11 Per Pair



"C.B." EESI-FLEX.

Model 9175.—A beautiful free Hip Model, which is sure to find universal favour, low in bust and deep on hips. In the finest White French Batiste, trimmed Satin and Lace, and fitted with six dainty Hose Supporters.

Price 10/11 Per Pair.

"C. B." EESI-FLEX.

Model 9171.—For all slight and medium figures, low in bust, cut with exceptional depth over hips and at back. In fine White or French Grey Coutil, trimmed dainty Silk Embroidery, with four reliable Hose Supporters.

Price 3/11½ Per Pair.

CYGNIA AND C B EESI-FLEX CORSETS

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SEE OUR SPECIAL DISPLAY IN ISLAND WINDOW.

Carriage Paid to all parts of the United Kingdom.

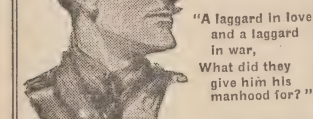
CB

CB

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowardice in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is doing in his club-room. He is doing not because he particularly wants to, but because he has nothing better to do. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing out of himself.

Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

As Richard Chatterton's thoughts drift on, he begins to realize more definitely that a shadow of something has begun to creep between them of late. His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From where he sits low down in an arm-chair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague—Montague, who is to be his best man.

Suddenly Chatterton listens more alertly. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying; "I reckon he's got his head in the clouds." "Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's not likely to rough it in the trenches when he can sit at home and amuse himself with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him."

"He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after..." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton feels as though a stream of ice water had been poured down his back. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much.

He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The day happens with which she used to greet him has gone. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for her money. There is a line some between him and her. Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers it he takes up the receiver. To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you ask me. I saw Richard today, and he said he was coming to the Franklyn's dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the door, which Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had any message.

Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, she is not at all what he is looking for. Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton disappears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter explains that he has been in the front line, and that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

When walking one day Montague suddenly sees Chatterton in khaki. When he sees Sonia enter he not only keeps his mouth shut, but he says that Richard has gone to America. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

Richard Chatterton knows nothing of all this. But he has entered the new life. They had called him a laggard—they had laughed at him—well, he would show them.

Indevitably old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard has enlisted and then tries to tell her. Lady Merriam hands him a piece of paper with a word on it: it is "Anania's."

LADY MERRIAM'S STRATEGY.

FOR a moment old Jardine sat with the scrap of paper in his hand staring at Lady Merriam with helpless chagrin, then very slowly and deliberately he began tearing it into tiny pieces.

He let the carriage window down a few inches at the top and scattered the fragments to the wind, then he came back to his seat with a great sigh of relief.

She looked at Sonia and then back at old Jardine, who was making desperate signs to her to keep silent. His dismay made him almost apoplectic; he ran a finger round his collar as if he were choking. Sonia turned her head.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked Lady Merriam.

Old Jardine answered for her hastily.

"Nothing—nothing." He pulled out his watch and made a great business of consulting it.

"Let me see. How long does it take to run down? Two hours? Good! Then we shall be in by two o'clock."

He felt as if he were on the edge of a mine. He did not know for certain whether Lady Merriam had really understood that Richard Chatterton had been amongst the battalion at Victoria or not. He racked his brains in an effort to remember what he had said to lead her to the

suspicion. He began to devise wonderful schemes whereby he might get her to himself, and he was determined that there should not be a moment free for the exchange of confidences between them; he hardly dared breathe till they were all safely seated in the waiting car and speeding along the road.

"They seem very patriotic here," said Lady Merriam as they entered the little village with its scattered cottages and tiny shops. "Quite a lot of people have flags up."

Sonia opened her eyes and sat up; for the first time she looked through the window at the narrow, deserted little street.

"A great many men have gone from the village," she said. "We ought to feel very proud of them."

"May they all come back safely!" said old Jardine gravely.

He looked at Lady Merriam with a fierce sort of glaze in his eyes, but she was no longer smiling.

"Especially those in whom we are personally interested," she added.

The car had turned in at the gates of Burvale no longer stopped at the house. A smiling servant came forward to open the door of the car.

Old Jardine got out first. He stood on the wide stone step and looked into the warm, oak-paneled hall.

He was remembering the last time he came here when Richard Chatterton had been master of the old house and his kind heart ached as he thought of the boy, as he called him, going away, unmissed almost, unannounced, whilst Montague coolly stepped into his shoes.

The old man's shaggy brows met fiercely above his eyes; he gave a deep sigh as he followed in the train of Lady Merriam's expensive skirt. It was a new world to him.

But he cheered up a little over his lunch—cheered up sufficiently to enjoy the lobster mayonnaise and fine old claret.

Old Jardine's father was a fine judge of claret," he said, retrospectively, raising his glass and watching the light on the ruby wine.

"I remember last time I was here... bless my soul!"

He broke off agitatedly, with a glance at Sonia. She smiled.

"It's all right; please go on. I don't expect everyone to forget that this house was once Mr. Chatterton's. What were you going to say?"

She would have to school herself to let Richard talk about, she knew; it would be as well to begin at once.

But old Jardine could not be drawn; he sat there, the rest of the luncheon, looking abjectly wretched; as soon as it was ended he took himself off to the library, put a handkerchief over his face and prepared to sleep.

But he hardly closed his eyes before the door opened to admit a swirl of petticoats and closed again determinedly. Old Jardine sat up as if he had been shot.

Lady Merriam was advancing upon him like a whirlwind. She pulled up a foot or two away from his chair and hurled her question at him.

"When did Richard Chatterton enlist? What's he enlisted in, and why haven't you told me before?" she demanded.

Old Jardine tried to temporise.

"I haven't told you anything; Chatterton's name hasn't been mentioned, between us in connection with the Army."

"Don't argue; you ought to know it's useless. Just tell me the truth if you don't want me to rush off and bring Sonia here to drag it out of you." He got to his feet in dismay.

"If you tell Sonia I'll never forgive you. I gave Richard my word of honour, and if you tell Sonia..." he stopped breathlessly.

Lady Merriam laughed.

"I know it was true," she said triumphantly. Old Jardine sat down again helplessly.

"I'm a blundering old fool," he said savagely. "I don't know what's come over me lately. I make a vow not to mention Richard's name, and out it comes! Look at me at lunch just now..."

"That's nothing. Sonia must get used to hearing him spoken of. But tell me all about it. He's enlisted—well, and has he gone to the front?"

"Not yet."

"Got a commission, of course?"

"Yes, he's a private; and his man, Carter, is in the same battalion..."

"Good!" Lady Merriam clapped her hands delightedly.

"I knew the right stuff was in him, only it wanted bringing out. George, if Sonia knew this..."

"But she mustn't know! Can't you see that she mustn't?" he demanded irately. "Richard

said it would look like a 'trying' to sneak back into favour under cover of a uniform, and, god! the boy's right. I wanted to tell her, but he wouldn't hear of it. He thinks she doesn't care for him—never did, and all that bunkum! It's my opinion that if she marries Montague—"

"She won't marry Montague."

Old Jardine stated.

"Well, I suppose you know best," he submitted after a moment.

"I've seen it myself—and he's telling everyone that they're going to be married almost immediately."

"Let him. Who cares?" Lady Merriam dragged forward a chair and sat down. "Oh," she said suddenly, "if only he'd gone before all this trouble would have been saved. Men are so blind."

Old Jardine growled.

"Better late than never." He looked at her anxiously. "And you swear you won't let Sonia know?" he asked.

She dismissed the question as unworthy of an answer.

But she'll find out for herself; of course, she will. Set of things always come out. She knitted her brows. "George, do you think that Montague knows?"

"No—I should say not; Dick Chatterton said that nobody knew."

"Humph!" Lady Merriam drummed her fingers on the polished arms of her chair.

"What a muddle! Worse than we made of our affairs years ago!"

Old Jardine shook his head; he was staring into the fire and did not answer.

"SUPPOSING—"

LADY MERRIAM spoke suddenly: "Supposing Dick gets killed..."

"Oh, you needn't jump so"—as old Jardine made an angry gesture.

"It is quite possible that he may be killed by better fellows than he have died in their hundreds. What do you suppose Sonia will say to us—when she knows—for not having told her?"

Old Jardine rubbed his head in perplexity.

"I gave Richard my word, and I mean to keep it," he said. "Perhaps something will turn up to put things right."

"And while we're waiting for that, Montague will turn up to put things wrong."

"He's coming down to-morrow—you might have guessed that—and before we know where we are, they'll be married. And, don't talk to me—I've no patience with you and your word of honour; you ought to have refused to promise anything. It was your plain duty to let Sonia know..."

"She flounced indignantly away."

Old Jardine went back to his old position with the handkerchief over his face, but sleep refused to visit him, and after a quarter of an hour he gave it up.

He gazed himself out of his chair and walked to the door; Sonia was just passing across the hall; she stopped when she saw him.

"I was looking for you—the house seems so quiet," she said.

She spoke with a little hysterical catch in her voice; she had not dreamed that this homecoming would be so painful. There were many little associations of which she had lost sight. At every turn something reminded her of Richard Chatterton. She would gladly have gone back to London had it been possible.

"I'd a great mind to let this house again; it's so big and empty and large and cheerless, and I make it at all cheerful, don't you think so?"

The front door was standing open. They walked out into the porch.

The afternoon was as nothing in grey and a little chilly. There was something depressing in the big empty garden and wide, deserted lawn.

Sonia shivered a little.

"Oh," she burst out suddenly, "I feel as if

(Continued on page 13.)



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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

What Everyone Was Reading.

You couldn't miss it very well yesterday, could you? The *Sunday Pictorial*, I mean. When I "omnibused" down to my office yesterday morning the whole of London seemed to be flooded with glorious sunshine—and *Sunday Pictorials*.

Smiles, Just Smiles.

In Fleet-street I met the publisher of this first of Sunday picture papers, and he was smiling, too. He had negotiated over a million copies of his new paper, and he was proud of it, and so he had a right to be. The producing of a great paper is not an easy task at any time, and the producing of a first number is, well, "some" job.

Next Week Will Be Better Still.

I found everyone wanted to talk about the paper. Even my newsagent, usually a callous cynic who only thinks in quires and other trade terms, started to tell me that he thought the *Sunday Pictorial* was fine. And then I knew the paper was bound for success. And I am told that No. 2 is to be better still. The editor whispered to me on the telephone, when I rang him up to congratulate him, that he had some great things up his sleeve for next week. But I mustn't tell you any more yet. You must wait and see.

"There's Music in the Air."

But there were other things to interest me on my journey Citywards yesterday. Martial London, for instance. What a difference the bands make to London! My omnibus followed two of them on its journey.

Guards-To-Be.

The second was the more interesting. It was playing a draft of recruits to Charing Cross Station. Since they were in charge of non-commissioned officers of the Guards, I assume they were bound for the Caterham depot.

"Rookies."

The "rookies" looked proud of themselves, as well they might be, and at Charing Cross, when the band struck up "Tipperary," I think they looked the proudest men in London. And I was glad to see that someone recognised their spirit.

Honour for the Men Who Go.

On an "island" opposite the Charing Cross Post Office was a tall, elderly man in a big fur coat. As the files of recruits passed him he stood with raised hat to show them all the honour he could. And they appreciated his act, too, one could see.

Like Guards.

Then they wheeled to the right into the station-yard and started for the depot, where they are "to be handled and made." And I'll say it for them hour-old soldiers though they may have been, they marched like Guards. I can't say more.

What Did He Mean?

The other subject of conversation that I found everywhere yesterday—the *Sunday Pictorial*—was the first—was Mr. Justice Darling's cryptic utterance in the summing up of the Sitwell case.



Sir Charles Darling.

What did he mean when he said "If I had known who you are...?" asked half the world, and the other half echoed "What?"

Just Sad.

I was at the Old Bailey on Saturday to hear the end of this unfortunate trial; it was not pleasant. Sir Charles Darling was in his sternest mood, and the Court was influenced by the Judge. It didn't like the case. It was not spectacular, it was not dramatic; it was simply sad.

"Eida" or "Eeda"?

Sir Charles, by the way, corrected the Court in its pronunciation of the name Ida. All through the case Lady Ida Sitwell had been Lady Ida—Eida. Sir Charles in his summing up referred to her as Lady "Eeda." Now, which is it, I wonder?

Miss Edna May "to Appear."

I see that Miss Edna May—it still comes hard to call her Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn—is going to appear at the royal matinee performance at the Coliseum on Thursday week. Miss May's appearances are few and far between, for she has kept her word in never returning to the stage—as a professional—after her marriage.

Kept Her Word.

She told me that on one of the last nights of "Nelly Neil" at the Aldwych, eight years ago nearly, I suggested that the attraction of the footlights would be great, but she said she thought not. She loved a country life,



Miss Edna May.

and she said that if she could have horses and open air she would never pine for the theatre again except from the stalls point of view. I was doubtful then, but she has kept her word.

Didn't Know Him Well Then.

And what a night her last night on the stage was! I have seldom seen a more enthusiastic house. And when a then not-very-well-over-here-known actor, as the merry Hun would put it, presented her with a farewell gift from the company, after a brilliantly witty speech, how the house cheered! The actor—oh, you know him well now.—Coyne, Joseph Coyne, was his name.

Who Remembers?

And, apropos of this, how many of you remember Mr. Coyne's first—I think it was his first—appearance in London? It was in a curious little failure of a gorgeously-dressed musical play called "The Man from Up There," full of Arctic choruses and things. Joe Coyne did funny things on a ladder as a comic burglar, and Edna May was in it, too. But even they could not pull it through. But that was just fourteen years ago.

A Curious Story.

Here is a curious story that comes to me from a wounded horse-gunner now in a convalescent home at Brighton. He returned from the front with an injured foot last autumn, and was discharged from hospital on Christmas Eve. Then he came up to town. I will quote you his letter for the rest of the story.

She Recognised It.

"While riding in an omnibus at Oxford-circus a lady got in and soon commenced to talk to me about the war," he says. "She asked me how I got on out in France, and I thought it a bit strange, for I was wearing plain clothes. But on leaving the omnibus she told me she had made the slipper I was wearing on my injured foot, and had sent it with some more to the hospital."

Stop It, Please.

By the way, something really ought to be done to stop this mania for dressing children in khaki. I saw a three or four year old youngster in the Strand yesterday in a replica of a soldier's uniform, even to puttees and a swagger stick. The boy wore on his arm the three chevrons of a sergeant, and he looked simply ridiculous. It isn't fair to the child, and THE uniform is not a fancy dress.

The New Religion.

Company officers are required to keep a list, for church parade purposes, showing what religion each of their men professes. A captain in the Cheshire Regiment was compiling a list of this kind, and one man was absent at the time. "Does anyone know Private Thompson's religion?" inquired the officer. "Yes, sir," promptly answered a lance-corporal. "He's one of them there Plymouth Rocks."

Delysia Learning English.

I looked in at the Ambassadors during the week-end, and I found things "fizzing" there as merrily as ever. Mme. Delysia has a new song, "Cheery, Oh." She is learning English rapidly. The dance, "Diana's Maidens," in Wedgwood is excellent.

Mr. Campbell Busy.

Mr. J. M. Campbell is one of the busiest men in the company. He is always turning up to do different things just to show us what he can do.

When They Meet.

One of his merriest jests is to read a letter from the front giving the authentic news that the Germans are advancing rapidly—those in the east towards the west, and those in the west towards the east. There should be a happy meeting on the Rhine soon.

De Witte, the Mystery Man.

De Witte's sudden death has come as a great blow to the German clique at Petrograd, who until recently were very strong at Court, and who were entirely dominated by him. He was the mystery man of Russia. No one knew anything about him. His mother was alleged to be a Jewess. He himself never discussed his family. Yet, despite this mystery, De Witte managed to get himself at the head of the old aristocracy.

The Coming Season.

In other times just now we should all have been speculating on the coming season and the coming back to town of people who make that season, but in these days of war and trouble seasons and customs are mostly topsy turvy. Still, people are coming back to town; when I was walking through Mayfair on Saturday afternoon the mark of the house painter was well spread about the land.

Near the Front.

In fact, they tell me that London is going to be fuller than ever this spring. London, you see, is the nearest point, so to speak, to the front, and everybody has someone "out there," so everyone will want to be near at hand. And then not many people are going to the Riviera this year for obvious reasons; so that I hear the season is to start earlier than usual.

More Town This Year.

People, too, are making a more permanent headquarters in town. There will not be so much motor-car week-ending and golfing, so town houses are coming into their own again for the while.



Lady Anglesey.

believe, Lady Anglesey has contented herself with a temporary furnished house in town, but her new place may be permanent.

Lord Anglesey's Appointment.

Lord Anglesey is in Egypt now acting as aide-de-camp to the General Commanding, and it does not look as if he would be home for a while. His marriage the year before last to Lady Marjorie Manners was the wedding of the season.

The Wedding of That Season.

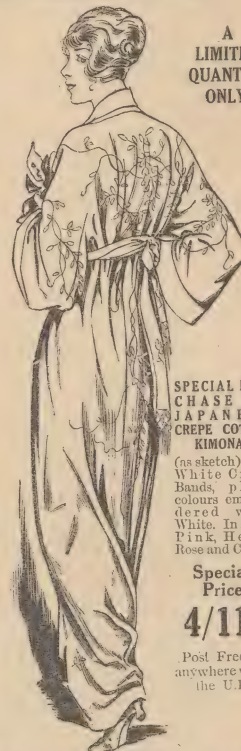
It took place at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, and the church was crowded to standing room. It was a fearfully hot day, and several of the congregation fainted in their pews. Only one bridesmaid attended Lady Marjorie—her sister, Lady Diana Manners—but she was followed by a train of fifteen children, five boys and ten girls.

The Call to All.

"Wake up! Your King and country need you." A huge placard bearing this inscription has been erected in a country churchyard between Eastbourne and Maidstone. So far, however, this appeal to the occupants has been in vain. THE RAMBLER.

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TULIP-PINK CLOAKS.

Stiff taffeta gowns with wide skirts which require eighteen yards of material for the width and gauging are being viewed by women in the West End of London to-day.

Not only has the crinoline skirt come to stay, so *The Daily Mirror* was told in the salons of a Mayfair modiste, but the poke bonnet of picturesque fame has returned to be worn in harmony with the crinoline gown, the hoops being formed by thick cord.

"I am quite sure that we shall have curls back again," said the designer.

The following illustrates the extreme changes that are taking place this spring from the spring of last year:—

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Amount of material required for a gown, 1914—four yards. | 1. Amount of material in new crinoline gown, 1915—eighteen yards. |
| 2. Hair—swathed and straight. | 2. Kiss curls and ringlets return. |
| 3. Practically no brim to the hat. | 3. Grandmama's coalscuttle bonnet with broad brim. |

Grandmamas and great-grandmamas were fonder of lace than the modern woman. They seldom had a black gown without a touch of old

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

(Continued from page 11.)

someone were walking over my grave. Have you ever had that feeling? It's a sort of apprehension, as if something unpleasant were going to happen."

"Nonsense. You're tired and fanciful. We'll go and make up a big fire and find two comfy armchairs and shut the daylight out."

Old Jardine led her back to the cosy library; the fire had flared up now into a cheerful blaze, the glow of the flames leapt and danced over the book-lined walls and the heavy oak beams in the ceiling.

This room was most vividly associated with Chatterton to old Jardine.

And Sonia had memories too—memories which would not be shut out as she sat there in the low, big chair, and held her hands to the side of the fire.

There had been one evening—so long ago now it seemed, before her father died.

She had hardly known Richard then—had only seen him once or twice—but he had come into the room and startled her, and she had dropped the book she had been reading.

Both he and she had groped to recover it, and their hands had met.

It was from that moment that she had first known that she cared for him—that that moment that his coming and going had held some special meaning for her; she forced herself to look at old Jardine and smile.

"We're not very cheerful, are we? Wish—" she stopped as a bell pealed through the house. Sonia started nervously; she half rose from her chair and sat back again.

"I wonder if that is Mr. Montague?" she said; her voice was jerky, a little nervous flush tinged her cheeks.

There was a strange voice in the hall; a servant flung the door wide.

"Mr. Courtenay—"

A young man with a boyish, smiling face strode into the room.

Sonia jumped up with a little cry of pleasure. "Bertie! How nice to see you! How did you know I was here?"

Both her hands were in his; he was gripping them in hearty, delighted fashion.

"They told me down in the village, so I thought I must just run along at once and have a look at you, as I'm off to London on Monday."

"London?"

"Yes, I'm going to join something at last. The doctor wouldn't pass me before; said I'd outgrown my strength, or some such rot; but I've been feeding up and lying low ever since, and now they say I'm fit. . . ." He was looking at old Jardine inquiringly.

Sonia apologised and introduced them.

"This is Bertie Courtenay—Mr. Jardine. . . . Bertie and I are old friends," she explained. "So you needn't be shocked that we call each other by Christian names, and I'm years older than he is."

Courtenay laughed.

"Glad to meet you again, sir," he said. "I don't suppose you remember me, do you? But I remember your name well. I met you a year or two ago when you were down here with Chatterton. By the way—how is the dear old fellow, Sonia? I haven't heard anything of him for ages!"

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

VON BISSING'S "DEADHEADS."

AMSTERDAM, March 13.—A German concert was given to-day at the Brussels Opera House. The Governor-General, Von Bissing, had invited the Cologne Orchestra and several singers from the Cologne Opera to perform, and the programme was solely of German compositions. The house was filled with Germans.

As the Belgians abstained from attending, Von Bissing ordered the gaps to be filled by soldiers, and he and his staff occupied the royal box. It is considered by the Belgians as an additional offence that the performance ended with the playing of the German National Anthem.

The German scheme to bring about a new social life in Brussels has been a complete failure.—Exchange.

AN UNPRECEDENTED EXHIBITION OF THE HAHN CORSET.

The ALL-BRITISH Corset that should be seen by all Ladies.



A wonderful exhibition of the **HAHN ALL-BRITISH** Corset is being held in Dale's magnificent Regent Street windows.

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One of **HAHN'S** expert lady fitters is in attendance daily to demonstrate and fit the Hahn Corset entirely free of charge. A visit places you under no obligation, and is sure to be most interesting.

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PRICE 12/11

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Dainty Wear at our Spring Show

Novelties in Blouses and Made-up Lace.

FOR the trifles in dress that count so much in appearance ladies do well to see first what is offered in our made-up Lace or Blouse departments. Good taste is always gratified, and at negligible cost.

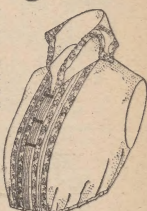
A few examples from each dept.

L 10.—Fancy Front for Blouse with high collar, finished Black Moire Ribbon **3/6**
(Shown on left.)

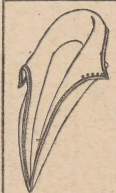
L 12.—Pretty Net and Lace Front, with roll collar. In Ivory **4/11**
(Shown on right.)



L 10.



L 12



L 14.—New shape Roll Collar, most becoming in Hemstitched Muslin, adaptable to Blouse or Coat **1/9**



K 903.—Heavy soft Satin Blouse, with Black Silk Velvet Collar, cut in the Russian mode. Smart and becoming. In a large variety of colourings, also Ivory and Black. Sizes 13 to 14 1/2 **13/9**

K 818.—Distinctly desirable and serviceable washing Croton Blouse, in small Check design or Stripes on White Ground, trimmed plain White Collar and Cuffs; can be had in Saxo, Pink, Heli, Navy, and Black. Price **4/11**

Frederick Gorringe, Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.

OUTDOOR COSTUME.

In envelope in Cublood



A pretty Reville and Rossiter gown and hat for afternoon wear.—Daily Mirror photograph.

lace or an old lace collar, and this idea is now being carried out with regard to black taffetas with old-world blue ribbons.

The *Daily Mirror* was shown a wonderful cloak of tulip-pink taffetas for evening wear that was trimmed around with a wide ruching of the same exquisite shade of silk. In all twenty-five yards of silk are used for the cloak.

Besides the promise of ringlets, bare shoulders of faraway days have been re-introduced.

WHERE TO FIND NEW SPRING HATS AND BLOUSES.

Fascinating Designs in Millinery and Coats at Bargain Prices.

There's something fascinating about heaps and heaps of hats—especially when those hats are of every conceivable shape and description.

I have just spent a delightful morning amongst the most charming selection of beautiful millinery that any woman could wish to see.

If you are in want of a really pretty hat to wear with your new spring coat and skirt you can't afford to miss the millinery department at Messrs. Derry and Toms, Kensington. The hats there are really superb.

I saw a fascinating design in the same shape as the famous Glangarry cap, made of navy legal straw with navy glazed crown and trimmed with a single jaunty pheasant's feather. It was only 12s. 9d., and the very thing for wear with the new coats and skirts.

Messrs. Derry and Toms make a speciality of hats, priced at 12s. 9d., 18s. 11d., and 28s. 6d., so that there is something to suit every purse. The dainty cloche illustrated in this column is composed of straw and silk, and cost only 12s. 9d.

During the early spring months one's new blouses are a very important consideration.

Pay a visit to the blouse department at Messrs. Gorringe, Buckingham Palace-road.

There you will find wonderfully becoming de-laine blouses in pretty striped and floral designs at only 5s. 11d.

By the way, Messrs. Gorringe are having a big spring sale in all departments, commencing to-day (Monday). To the woman in search of something new for Easter it is something not to be missed.

Being in need of some really reliable underwear to complete a new spring outfit, I paid a visit to the underclothing department at Messrs. Arding and Hobbs, Chapham Junction, S.W. To my delight I found that this firm are showing a special delivery of French hand-embroidered underclothing at half-price!

Messrs. Arding and Hobbs's great white sale and sale of new underwear, and I cannot do better than advise you to pay this well-known firm a visit at once, as the sale closes on Wednesday.

Although it is essential that we should have new clothes, one wants to spend more than they can help this season. I was astonished to find what good value I received for a very small outlay at Messrs. B. D. Brans and Co., 12, High-road, Kilburn, N.W. I also noticed a very attractive spring coat in the fashionable covert coating marked 15s. 11d. Some of the blouses I saw were charming and very inexpensive. K. S.

Kingston—56, Elfric-road,
 Lee—19, Hild-road (Lowham end),
 Old Kent Road No 219,
 Pease—126, Beckenham-road,
 Woolwich—62, Powis-street,
 Wimbledon—53, Broadway-market.
 EXTENSIVE WORKS—Dumfries-road, London, F.F.

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A HEROINE OF THE WAR: MILITARY FUNERAL FOR AN ARMY NURSE.

P. 17109

P. 17109



The coffin on the gun-carriage covered with the Union Jack.

A war heroine was buried at Aldershot on Saturday with military honours. She was Miss Mary Macgill, matron of the Military Isolation Hospital. Ever since the war broke out she had been working day and night, and, finally, overtaxed her strength

Miss Mary Macgill.

and contracted cerebro spinal meningitis, the disease which she herself had done so much to fight. The cottage was most imposing, and among the mourners were a number of nurses on foot.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

"THE FOOTWOMAN."

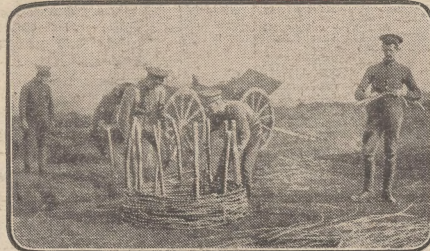
P. 431 A



Lady Randolph Churchill has designed this smart uniform for her maidservants. They are doing the work of the men who are fighting. The idea will probably be much copied.

FOR FORTIFYING TRENCHES.

P. 331 E



British Engineers making baskets, which are filled with earth and used for fortifying the trenches. The Engineers are doing a lot to win this war.

ETON BOYS' DAILY DRILL.

P. 51 D



Eton boys on their way to early morning drill, which takes place before work. The college has many names on the roll of honour.

SACKS WHICH ARE SUPPOSED TO BE GERMANS.

P. 326 G



Bayonet practice at the front. It would be thought that "Tommy" gets enough of the real thing, but this is not so, and the men test themselves at intervals to make sure that their hands have not lost their cunning. These men are Highlanders, who have already shown the Germans how they can use their weapons.